

SONNET LXXXVI .



FIERY Rage ! whfen wilt thou be  
consumed ?  
Thou, that hast me consumed, in  
such sort  
As never was, poor wretch ! (which so  
presumed)  
But for surveying of that  
beauteous Fort! Kept in continual  
durance, and enchained  
With hot desires, which have my body  
pined ;  
My mind, from pleasures and content  
restrained;  
My thoughts, to Care, and Sorrow<sup>9</sup>s Ward  
assigned : There, with continual  
melancholy placed,  
In dismal horror, and continual fear,  
I pass these irksome hours ! scorned  
and disgraced Of her ; whose cruelty no  
breast can bear!  
No thought endure! no tortures can  
outmatch!  
Then burn on, Rage of Fire ! but me  
despatch!

SONNET LXXXVII .



|URN on, sweet Fire ! For I live by that  
fuel, Whose smoke is as an incense to my  
soul! Each sigh prolongs my smart. Be  
fierce and cruel, My fair PARTHENOPHE !  
Frown and control! Vex ! torture! scald!  
disgrace me ! Do thy will!  
Stop up thine ears! With flint,  
immure thine heart! And kill me with  
thy looks, if they would kill!  
Thine eyes (those crystal phials  
which impart The perfect balm to  
my dead-wounded breast!)

Thine eyes, the quivers, whence those  
darts were drawn, Which me, to thy  
love's bondage have addresst.  
Thy smile, and frown ! night star, and  
daylight's dawn ! Burn on ! Frown on !  
Vex ! Stop thine ears ! Torment me! More,  
for thy beauty borne! would not repent

me.